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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE

AUTHOR

OF THE HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

Printed for Richard Phillips,
N°. 6, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

1805.

Price £*4/6 in Boards.*

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PREFACE

Of the EDITOR.

THE Poems written by the Author of The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, having become very scarce, and it being difficult to procure complete sets of them, the original Publisher has often been recommended to reprint a new and uniform edition of the whole.

The intrinsic merit of these Poems was doubtless the cause of that recommendation. The Public have been their only Patron, and the Author could not have obtained one more honourable to himself. The favourable reception they met with, was the homage of an enlightened people, to productions which are characterized by elegance of taste, correctness of judgment and purity of style. The

Poem which laid the foundation of the Author's reputation, was The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers. The delicate, keen satire, with which it abounds, and the graceful simplicity of the Poem caught the attention and fixed the approbation of every reader. It passed through Fifteen editions, in less than two years.

After this publication, the Author intended to have written another Poem, on nearly the same subject; but founded on other materials suggested by Sir William Chambers's Dissertation on Oriental Gardening. This Poem would probably have been a very elaborate performance; because it was the Author's intention, to have enriched it throughout, with several highly finished characters. But his design will be best explained by himself in the following sketch of it to the Editor.

"SIR,

"The Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, begs leave to express

his having received great pleasure from the very favourable reception the public have given to his little poem; which induced him to meditate a much more important work.

"The exuberance of that imagery, displayed in the original dissertation,* is far from being exhausted. He means therefore to make a finished picture, from a very masterly sketch of Sir William's, which is, as yet, untouched by him. This is no less than a description of The Grove of *Man-Chew*, the *Genius* of *Sorrow*, which, in the Chinese language, signifies *shame* or *infamy*. For that tongue, in common with all other oriental ones, Hebrew for instance, and Arabic, comprehends under one term, many various, nay even contradictory significations.

"This he shall prevail on his good friend

* Sir William Chambers's Dissertation on Oriental Gardening.

Dr. Kennicott, to prove at large in a learned dissertation, which he means to prefix to this projected poem: The title therefore will be

The GROVE of MAN-CHEW

AND

TEMPLE of INFAMY;

and he presumes, if he has the good fortune to succeed in the attempt, the subject will furnish him with every possible embellishment. He means, however, to select from the immense fund of *objects*, which the present age supplies, only those characters whose peculiar de-merits to their country, entitle them to the most conspicuous niches in his poetical Belvidere.

"N.B. Places are already taken for Sir John Dalrymple, and his corrector of the press."*

With this Poem the Author never proceeded; conceiving perhaps that the characters might

* Lord Mansfield.

extend beyond his first views, he was induced to lay aside the design. Instead of writing The Grove of Manchew, he produced in the early part of the year following, his "Heroic Postscript to his Heroic Epistle:" the sale of which was in proportion to that of his first Poem. In the last twenty lines of this Postscript he seems to allude to his intention of writing a Political Satire; by which was probably meant the Grove of Manchew.

His next production was a pleasant *Jeu d' Esprit*, entitled "An Ode to Mr. Pinchbeck, "upon his newly invented Patent Snuffers."

The fourth was, his "Epistle to Dr. Shebbeare," published in May, 1777. The "Ode to Sir Fletcher Norton," was published at the same time.

His last performance, was a Political Eclogue, entitled, "The Dean and the 'Squire." The Dean was Dr. Tucker, dean of Gloucester, and the 'Squire was Soame Jenyns, of Cambridge, Esq.

It may, without impropriety, be observed that the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and Mr. Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, were the two most popular short Poems published in the last century. They established immediately the high reputation of their respective authors.

Of Mr. Gray's Poems many excellent and beautiful editions have been printed in various sizes. But of the works of the present Author there has not hitherto appeared a complete and uniform edition. Their universally acknowledged merit, will, it is presumed, entitle them to the same honours as the works of Mr. Gray; and therefore this edition may, without presumption, lay claim to the same patronage.

J. ALMON.

Boxmoor, Herts,
March 21, 1805.

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AN

Heroic Epistle

TO

Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Knight,

Comptroller General of His Majesty's Works,

AND AUTHOR OF A LATE

DISSERTATION ON ORIENTAL GARDENING.

ENRICHED WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES,

CHIEFLY EXTRACTED FROM THAT ELABORATE PERFORMANCE.

Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.
Virgil.

PREFACE.

THIS Poem was written last summer, immediately after the Publication of Sir William Chambers's Dissertation; but the Bookseller, to whom it was offered, declined publishing it, till the Town was full.—His reason for this, is obvious; yet it would hardly have weighed with the Author, had he not thought, that his Hero's fame would increase in proportion to his Publisher's profit. However he foresaw, that, by this delay, one inconvenience might arise, which this Preface is written to remove.

Readers of the present generation are so very inattentive to what they read, that it is probable, one half of Sir William's may have forgotten the principles which this book inculcates. Let these, then, be reminded, that it is the author's profest aim in extolling the taste of the Chinese, to condemn that mean and paltry manner which Kent introduced; which Southcote, Hamilton, and Brown followed, and which, to our national disgrace, is called the English style of gardening. He shews the poverty of this taste, by aptly comparing it to a dinner, which consisted of three gross pieces, three times repeated; and proves to a demonstration, that Nature herself is incapable of pleasing, without the assistance of Art, and that too of the most luxuriant kind. In short, such art as is displayed in the Emperor's garden of Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin; where fine lizards, and fine women, human

giants, and giant baboons, make but a small part of the superb scenery. He teaches us, that a perfect garden must contain within itself all the amusements of a great city; that *urbs in rure*, not *rus in urbe*, is the thing, which an improver of true taste ought to aim at. He says—but it is impossible to abridge all that he says:—Let this therefore suffice, to tempt the reader again to peruse his invaluable Dissertation, since without it, he will never relish half the beauties of the following Epistle: for (if her Majesty's Zebra, and the powder mills at Hounslow be excepted) there is scarce a single image in it, which is not taken from that work.

But though the images be borrowed, the author claims some small merit from his application of them. Sir William says too modestly, "that European artists must not hope to rival Oriental splendor." The

poet shews, that European artists may easily rival i and, that Richmond gardens with only the addition a new bridge to join them to Brentford, may b new modelled, perfectly *à la Chinois*. He exhor his Knight to undertake the glorious task, and leave no cause to doubt, but that, under the auspiciou patronage he now so justly enjoys, added to the *ready* vote of those who furnish ways and means, the roya work will speedily be compleated.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
January 20th, 1773.

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

*SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Knight.**

KNIGHT of the Polar Star! by Fortune plac'd,
To shine the Cynosure of British taste;
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view,
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtù;

NOTES.

* This Poem was first published in May 1773.

Verse 2. [Cynosure of British taste.] Cynosure, an affected phrase. Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the

And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That Kings themselves are dazzled while they gaze.
O let the muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,
With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong;

Lesser Bear, the next star to the Pole. Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

NOTE.

Verse 10. [With scenes of Yven-Ming.] One of the Imperial Gardens at Pekin. [Sayings of Li-Tsong.] "Many trees, shrubs and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants; and conse-

Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence;
Leap each Ha Ha of truth and common sense;
And proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of Him, whom we and all the world admit,
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does Envy doubt? Witness ye chosen train,
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;
Witness ye HILLS, ye JOHNSONS, SCOTS, SHEABEARES,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
Let DAVID HUME, from the remotest North,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
DAVID who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest Hog of Epicurus' sty;

---

quently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
DAVID shall bless Old England's halcyon days;
The mighty HOME bemir'd in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song:
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in Ghosts to deal,
Bids candid SMOLLETT from his coffin steal;
Bids MALLOCK quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from Hell, and warble *truth at Court*.

NOTE.

Verse 34. [Truth at Court.] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolinbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned, received a considerable pension in the time of Lord Bute's administration.

There was a time, "in Esher's peaceful grove,
"When KENT and Nature vy'd for PELHAM's love,"
That POPE beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that Beauty blest their mutual toil.
Mistaken Bard! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray,
Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Called KENT a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.
For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;

NOTE.

Verse 45. [For what is nature?] This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile are entirely borrowed from Sir

Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and wat
So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's;
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

NOTE.

William's Dissertation. "*Nature* (says the Chinese, or Sir William for them) affords us but few materials to work with. *Plants, ground,* and *water,* are her only productions; and though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of *changes rung upon bells,* which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of *gingling*; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived." "*Art* must therefore supply *the scantiness of Nature,*" *&c. &c.* page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, *like the honest Bachelor's feast,* which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; *three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies.*" Preface, page 7.

Come then, prolific art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
To Richmond come, for see, untutor'd Browne
Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.*
Lo, from his melon-ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's Cave;
Knock'd down the waxen Wizzard, seiz'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land;

NOTE.

* There was a story in circulation at the time, that Colonel Barrè called one morning on Mr. Browne, and found the *Heroic Epistle* on Mr. Browne's table; which occasioned Colonel Barrè to say — *This is too much! — too much indeed!* — Browne very earnestly replied, "Upon my honour, Sir, I did not write it." *Nobody ever suspected him.* But the Poem has been attributed to several Gentlemen — to Mr. Mason — to Mr. Hayley — to Mr. Cowper — to Mr. Temple Luttrell — to Mr. Courtney — to Mr. Anstey — to Mr. C. Dennis, and many more, without the least foundation.

And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline.
Haste, bid yon livelong Terras re-ascend,
Replace each vista, straighten every bend;
Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's King?
No! let Barbaric glories feast his eyes,
August Pagodas round his palace rise,
And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
" A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew."

Nor rest we here, but, at our magic call,
Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;

NOTES.

Verse 67. [No! let Barbaric glories.] So Milton.

" Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
" Showers on her Kings *Barbaric* pearl and gold."

Verse 72. [Monkies shall climb our trees.] " In their lofty woods *serpents* and *lizards*, of many beautiful sorts, crawl upon

Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In some fair island will we turn to grass
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar maids;

NOTE.

the ground. Innumerable *monkies, cats,* and *parrots* clamber upon the trees." Page 40. "In their lakes are many *islands,* some small, some large, amongst which are often seen stalking along, *the elephant,* the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant baboon." Page 66. "They keep in their inchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous *dogs of Tibet,* and *African giants,* in the habits of magicians." Page 42. "Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beauteous *Tartarean damsels,* in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement, on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusakin down." Page 40.

Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring,
Damsels alike adroit to sport and sting.

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
Join we the groves of horror and affright;
This to atchieve no foreign aids we try,
Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply;

NOTE.

Verse 84. [Thy gibbets, Bagshot.] "Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. *gibbets*, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, foundries, lime-kilns, and glass-works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of Volcanos." Page 37. "Here the passenger from time to time is surprized with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. Page 39. Now to produce both these effects, viz.

Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills, 85
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.
Here too, O King of Vengeance, in thy fane,
Tremendous WILKES shall rattle his gold chain;

NOTES.

the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here substituted the occasional explosion of a *powder mill*, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of *lime-kilns* and *electrical machines*, and imitate *thunder* and the *explosion of cannon* into the bargain. Vide page 40.

Verse 87. [Here too, O king of Vengeance, &c.] "In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the *King of Vengeance*, near which are placed pillars of stone, with *pathetic descriptions of tragical events*; and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by *outlaws* and *robbers*." Page 37.

Verse 88. [Tremendous Wilkes.] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate-history;
On this shall HOLLAND's dying speech be read,
Here BUTE's confession, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age
(Too numerous far for this contracted page)
The RIGBYS, CALCRAFTS, DYSONS, BRADSHA-
there,
In straw stuft effigy, shall kick the air.
But say, ye powers, who come when fancy calls,
Where shall our mimic London rear her walls?

NOTE.

Verse 98. [Where shall our mimic London, &c.] "Ther likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming Yven, near Pe *a fortified town*, with its ports, streets, public squares, temp markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with ev thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale.

That Eastern feature, Art must next produce,
Tho' not for present yet for future use
Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould:
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow;
For Him that blessing of a better time,
The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line

NOTE.

"In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much *the slaves of their greatness* to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented, several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

Of marble arches, in a bridge, that cuts
From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
Brentford, the bishoprick of Parson HORNE.
There at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's Street;
Stout TALBOT there shall ply with hackney chair
And Patriot BETTY fix her fruit-shop there.

NOTES.

Verse 109. [Of marble arches.] Sir William's enormous account of Chinese *bridges*, too long to be here inserted. Vide page 53.

Verse 115. [Stout Talbot &c.] "Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

Verse 116. [And Patriot Betty.] "Fruits and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." Page 33. Her name was Elizabeth Neil. She kept a fruit-shop in St. James's Street.

Like distant thunder, now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight.
The court hath crost the stream; the sports begin;
Now NOEL preaches of rebellion's sin:
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir FLETCHER's eyes.
While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at sermon shew'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief!
He's stol'n the EARL of DENBIGH's handkerchief.

NOTES.

Verse 122. [Lo, brazen tears, &c.]
"Drew *iron* tears down Pluto's cheek." Milton.

Verse 125. [See Jemmy Twitcher shambles.] "Neither are thieves, pick-pockets, and sharpers forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a good number of the most dextrous eunuchs." Vide, ibid.

Let BARRINGTON arrest him in mock fury,
And MANSFIELD hang the knave without a jury.
But hark the voice of battle shouts from far,
The Jews and Maccaroni's are at war:
The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise CHARLES FOX.
Fair SCHWELLENBERGEN smiles the sport to see,
And all the Maids of Honour cry Te ! He !

NOTES.

Verse 127. [Let Barrington.] "The watch seizes on the culprit." Vide, ibid.

Verse 128. [And Mansfield, &c.] "He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." Ibid.

Verse 129. [But hark, &c.] "Quarrels happen—battles ensue." Ibid.

Verse 132. [Circumcise Charles Fox.] Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons. Ibid.

Verse 134. [And all the maids of honour, &c.] "This is done [redacted]vert his Imperial Majesty, and the ladies of his train." Ibid.

Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great BRUNSWICK's leisure: these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er, from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy Bard has plann'd,
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprize,
O! let that Bard his Knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

AN

Heroic Postscript

TO

THE PUBLIC,

OCCASIONED BY THEIR FAVOURABLE RECEPTION

OF A LATE

Heroic Epistle

TO

Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Knight, &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THAT EPISTLE.

Sicelides musæ, paullo majora canamus.

Virgil.

AN

HEROIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

THE PUBLIC.*

I THAT of late, Sir William's Bard, and Squire,
March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre,
(What time the Knight prick'd forth in ill-starr'd haste,
Comptroller General of the works of taste,)

NOTES.

* First published in February, 1774.

Verse 1. [I that of late]
Ille ego qui quondam, &c. VIRGIL, or somebody for him.

Verse 4. [Works of taste,] Put synonimously for his Majesty's Works. See Sir William's Title Page.

Now to the Public tune my grateful lays,
Warm'd with the sun-shine of the Public praise;
Warm'd too with mem'ry of that golden time,
When ALMON gave me reason for my rhyme;
—— glittering orbs, and, what endear'd them more,
Each glittering orb the sacred features bore
Of George the good, the gracious, and the great,
Unfil'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight;
Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease,
Good seemings then were good realities:
No Senate had convey'd, by smuggling art,
Pow'r to the mob to play Cadogan's part;
Now, thro' the land, that impious pow'r prevails,
All weigh their Sov'reign in their private scales,

NOTE.

Verse 16. [Cadogan's part.] Master of the Mint.

And find him wanting: all save me alone,
For, sad to say! my glittering orbs are gone.
But ill beseems a Poet to repent,
Lightly they came, and full as lightly went.
Peace to their manes! may they never feel
Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel;
While I again the Muse's sickle bring
To cut down dunces, wheresoe'er they spring,
Bind in poetic sheaves the plenteous crop,
And stack my full-ear'd load in ALMON's shop.
For now, my Muse, thy fame is fixt as fate,
Tremble ye Fools I scorn, ye Knaves I hate;
I know the vigour of thy eagle wings,
I know thy strains can pierce the ears of Kings.

NOTE.

Verse 19. [And find him wanting.] Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Daniel chap. 8, v. 27.

Did China's Monarch here in Britain doze,
And was, like western Kings, a King of Prose,
Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen,
And make him wish to see and to be seen.
That solemn vein of irony so fine,
Which, e'en Reviewers own, adorns thy line,

NOTES.

Verse 34. [A King of Prose.] Kien-Long, the present Emperor of China is a poet. M. de Voltaire did him the honour to treat him as a brother above two years ago; and my late patron, Sir William Chambers, has given a fine and most intelligible prose version of an ode of his Majesty upon tea, in his postscript to his Dissertation. I am, however, vain enough to think, that the Emperor's composition would have appeared still better in my heroic verse; but Sir William forestalled it; on which account I have entirely broke with him.

Verse 37. [That solemn vein of irony.] "A fine vein of solemn irony runs through this piece." See Monthly Review, under the article of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

Would make him soon against his greatness sin,
Desert his sofa, mount his palanquin,
And post where'er the Goddess led the way,
Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay;
There should he see, as other folks have seen,
That ships have anchors, and that seas are green,
Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine,
With SANDWICH prattle, and with BRADSHAW dine,
And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,
As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.*

NOTES.

Verse 43. [There should he see.] A certain naval event happened just about two calendar months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. 'Twas impossible, considering the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stubborn things.

* This alludes to the King's reviewing the Fleet at Portsmouth, in June 1773.

Such is thy pow'r, O Goddess of the song,
Come then and guide my careless pen along;
Yet keep it in the bounds of sense and verse,
Nor, like Mac-Homer, make me gabble Erse.
No, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes
So truly touch the temper of the times,
That he who runs may read; while well he knows
I write in metre, what he thinks in prose;
So shall my song, undisciplin'd by art,
Find a sure patron in each English heart.
If this it's fate, let all the frippery things
Be-plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by Kings,

NOTE.

Verse 52. [Nor like Mac-Homer.] See, if the reader thi it worth while, a late translation of the Iliad.

Frown on the page, and with fastidious eye,
Like old young Fannius, call it blasphemy.
Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk,
Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk,
Proud of a single word, nor hope for more,
The' JENKINSON* is blest with many a score :

NOTES.

Verse 62. [Like old young Fannius.] The noble personage here alluded to, being asked to read the Heroic Epistle, said "No, it was as bad as blasphemy."

Verse 62. [Fannius.] Before I sent the M.S. to the press, I discovered, that an accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was doubtful, therefore, whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I thought it best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong, I ask pardon, not only of the Author, but the Lady.

* Now Earl of Liverpool.

For other ears my honest numbers sound,
With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,
Praise that shall spread, no pow'r can make it less,
While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press.
Yes, sons of freedom! yes, to whom I pay,
Warm from the heart, this tributary lay;
That lay shall live, tho' Court and Grub-street sigh,
Your young Marcellus was not born to die.
The Muse shall nurse him up to man's estate,
And break the black asperity of fate——

NOTE.

Verse 76. [And break the black asperity of fate.]

——"*Si qua fata aspera rumpas,*
Tu Marcellus eris."

VIRGIL.

Admit him then your candidate for fame,
Pleas'd if in your review he read his name,
Tho' not with MASON and with GOLDSMITH put,
Yet cheek by jowl with GARRICK, COLMAN, FOOTE;
But if with higher Bards that name you range,
His modesty must think your judgment strange—
So when o'er Crane-Court's philosophic Gods,
The Jove-like majesty of PRINGLE nods,
If e'er he chance to wake on Newton's chair,
He "wonders how the devil he came there."

Whate'er his fame or fate, on this depend;
He is, and means to be his country's friend.
'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports
With Chinese gardens, and with Chinese courts:
But if that country claim a graver strain,
If real danger threat fair Freedom's reign,

If hireling Peers, in prostitution bold,
Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold;
Or they, who honour'd by the People's choice,
Against that People lift their rebel voice,
And, basely crouching for their paltry pay,
Vote the best birthright of her sons away,
Permit a nation's in-born wealth to fly
In mean, unkingly prodigality;
Nor, e'er they give, ask how the sums were spent,
So quickly squander'd, tho' so lately lent—
If this they dare; the thunder of his song,
Rolling in deep ton'd energy along,
Shall strike, with Truth's dread bolt each miscreant's name,
Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame
Betray'd his country. Yes, ye faithless crew,
His Muse's vengeance shall your crimes pursue,

Stretch you on satire's rack, and bid you lie
Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy.

Ode

TO

Mr. PINCHBECK,

UPON HIS NEWLY INVENTED

PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS,

By MALCOLM M'GREGGOR, Esq.

Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, and the Heroic Postscript.

Quousque ergo frustra pascemus ignigenum istum? Apulei Met. Lib. 7.

Why should a Patent be granted to this Candle-snuffer in vain?

ADVERTISEMENT.

EVER since my first Publication, the curiosity, not to say anxiety, of the world concerning my name, has been so great, that it has frequently given me pain to conceal what the world will now see it was not possibly in my power to discover.

In short, I had no name, till the Royal Favour lately restored my very antient and honourable Clan to its pristine Title and Honours. I was therefore in the same deplorable case with a certain nameless Lady,*

NOTE.

* The Duchess of Kingston.

whom I have long had the honour to call my neighbour, and who, I sincerely hope, will soon, by the same favour, be restored to that title, which, upon my honour, I believe, she has erroneously, and not intentionally forfeited.

I have only to add, that now, when the public is in possession of my real name, it will not, I hope, suffer any national prejudice to prevent it from receiving this my first lyrical attempt with its former candour. But I must needs say, that if this Ode does not sell as well as Mr. CUMBERLAND'S, I shall be apt to impute it, not to any inferiority of Lyrical Ordonance, but merely to its having been written by a Scotchman.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, *May* 6, 1776.

ODE

TO

*Mr. PINCHBECK.**

I.

ILLUSTRIOUS PINCHBECK! condescend,
Thou well-belov'd, and best King's-friend,
These Lyric Lines to view;
O! may they prompt thee, e'er too late,
To snuff the Candle of the State,
That burns a little blue.

NOTE.

* First published in May, 1776.

II.

It once had got a stately wick,
When in its Patent Candlestick
The Revolution put it;
As white as wax we saw it shine
Thro' two whole lengths of BRUNSWICK's line,
'Till BUTE first dar'd to smut it.

III.

Since then — but wherefore tell the tale?
Enough, that now it burneth pale,
And sorely wastes its tallow:
Nay, if thy Poet rightly weens,
(Though little skill'd in ways and means)
Its Save-all is but shallow.

IV.

Come then, ingenious artist, come,
And put thy finger, and thy thumb,
Into each polish'd handle;
On thee alone our hopes depend,
Thy King's, and eke thy country's friend,
To trim Old England's Candle.

V.

But first we pray, for its relief,
Pluck from its wick, each tory thief,
It else must quickly rue it;
While *N— and M— sputter there,
Thou'lt ne'er prevent with all thy care,
The melting of the suet.

NOTE.

* These initials, like those in the banns of marriage published

VI.

There's TWITCHER too, that old he-witch,
Sticks in its bole as black as pitch,
† And makes a filthy pother;
When curst with such a sorry fiend,
And lighted too at either end,
'Twill soon be in a smother.

VII.

I fear me much in such a plight,
Those tapers blest would lose their light,
Canadian Fanes that deck;

---

between N. and M. may be filled up at the reader's pleasure. *Vide Common Prayer Book.* Or, *North* and *Mansfield.*

† Our ingenious inventor's snuffers are peculiarly calculated to remedy this evil, to which indeed all candles are more or less subject.

See the Patentee's Advertisement

Which pious —*— ordains to blaze,
And gild with their establish'd rays,
Our Lady of Quebec.

VIII.

† His arms, thou hallowed image! bless,
And surely thou canst do no less,
He is thy faith's defender;
Thou owest thy place to him alone,
As other Jacobites have done,
And not to the Pretender.

NOTE.

† It is humbly presumed, that the classical Reader will here perceive a boldness of transition only to be equalled by PINDAR, and perhaps by HORACE in some of his sublimer Odes.

IX.

Haste then, and quash the hot turmoil,
That flames in Boston's angry soil,
And frights the Mother-Nation:
Know, Lady! if its rage you stop,
PINCHBECK shall send you, from his shop,
A most superb oblation.

X.

His patent snuffers, in a dish
Of burnish'd gold; if more you wish,
His Cyclops shall bestir
Their brawny stumps, and for thy sake,
Of PINCHBECK's own mixt-metal make
A huge Extinguisher.

XI.

To form the mass, GERMAINE, thy zeal
Shall furnish that well-temper'd steel,
Thou didst at Minden brandish;
Nor yet shall GLOUCESTER's reverend Dean,
Counting its worth, refuse, I ween,
His ponderous leaden standish.

XII.

Poor Doctor JOHNSON, I'm afraid,
Can give but metaphoric aid;
His style's case-harden'd graces:
M^c PHERSON, without shame, or fear,
Sir JOHN DALRYMPLE, and SHEBBEARE
Shall melt their brazen faces.

XIII.

And sure, this mixt metallic stuff,
Will yield materials large enough
To mold the mighty cone;
But how transport it, when 'tis cast
Across the deep Atlantic vast,
'Twill weigh some thousand stone?

XIV.

"Leave that to me" our Lady cries,
"Howe'er gigantic be its size,
"I have a scheme in petto;
"I'll fly with it from shore to shore,
"Safe as my sooty sister bore,
"Her cottage to Loretto.

XV.

" Swift to the Congress with my freight
" I'll speed, and on their heads its weight
" Souse with such skill and care;
" That PUT'NAM, WASHINGTON beneath,
" And gasping LEE shall wish to breathe
" * A pint of PRIESTLEY's air.

NOTE.

* This great Philosopher has lately discovered a method of fabricating a new species of air, of so infinitely superior salubrity and duration to that vulgar atmospherical air, which for want of better, we have been obliged to breathe for upwards of five thousand years, that it is to be supposed that no Macaroni, Savoir Vivre, or in plain English, no body that knows what's what, will in future condescend to respire any air, that

XVI.

" The deed is done, thy foes are dead,
" No longer England, shalt thou dread
" Such Presbyterian huffers;

NOTE.

is not sealed with the Doctor's own Arms, and signed with his own Hand-writing. It is to be feared, however, that his Pneumatic Vials will be liable to be counterfeited, as our Philosopher has not interest enough at Court to procure a Patent. Indeed were such a Patent granted, it might supersede Mr. PINCHBECK's; because that in this Air a Candle is found to burn with so bright and continued a flame, that it could never want snuffing.

See Vol. II. of Dr. Priestley's Experiments on Air.

" Thy Candle's radiance ne'er shall fade,

" With now and then a little aid,

" From PINCHBECK's Patent-snuffers."

AN

Epistle

TO

Dr. SHEBBEARE:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

An Ode

TO

SIR FLETCHER NORTON,

In imitation of Horace, Ode VIII. Book IV.

BY

MALCOLM M'GREGGOR, of Knightsbridge, Esq.

Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir Wm Chambers,

&c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH I look upon this Poem, in point of elevation of diction and sublimity of sentiment, to be as highly heroical, as my Epistle to Sir William Chambers, yet I have not thought proper to add that epithet to it on the title-page. I am willing to wish that first production of my muse may preserve the distinction which it now possesses, of being called The Heroic Epistle, *par excellence*. Besides this consideration, the different ranks of the two persons, to whom these two works are addressed, require a difference to be made in this

matter; and it would be unpardonable in me not discriminate between a Comptroller of his Majest Works, and the Hackney Scribbler of a Newspape between a Placeman and a Pensioner, a Knight of t Polar Star, and a broken Apothecary.

AN

E P I S T L E

TO

Dr. SHEBBEARE.

O for a thousand tongues! and every tongue
Like Johnson's, arm'd with words of six feet long,
In multitudinous vociferation
To panegyricize this glorious nation,
Whose liberty results from her taxation.

NOTE.

Verse 2. [*Words of six feet long.*] Sesquipedalia verba. Hor.

O, for that passive, pensionary spirit,
That by its prostitution proves its merit!
That rests on RIGHT DIVINE, all regal claims,
And gives to GEORGE, whate'er it gave to JAMES:
Then should my tory numbers, old SHEBBEARE,
Tickle the tatter'd fragment of thy ear!
Then all that once was virtuous, wise, or brave,
That quell'd a tyrant, that abhorr'd a slave,

NOTE.

Verse 11. [*Tickle the tatter'd fragment.*] Churchill, in alluding to this *capital* anecdote in our Doctor's life, says, in his poem called the Author,

The whole intent
Of that parade, was fame, not punishment:

Intimating that his ears received no detriment in the pillory. My line intimates, that they did. However, if my intimation be false, it is easily refuted: the Doctor has only to expose his ears again to the public, and the real fact will be flagrant.

Then Sydney's, Russel's patriot fame should fall,
Besmear'd with mire, like black DALRYMPLE's gall,
Then, like thy prose, should my felonious verse
Tear each immortal plume from Nassau's hearse,
That modern monarchs, in that plumage gay,
Might stare and strut, the peacocks of a day.
But I, like ANSTEY, feel myself unfit
To run, with hollow speed, two heats of wit.
He, at first starting, won both fame and money,
The betts ran high on Bladud's Circeronè;
Since distanc'd quite, like a gall'd jade he winces,
And lashes unknown priests, and praises well-known princes.

NOTE.

Verse 23. [*Bladud's Ciceronè.*] Anglicè, Bath Guide.

Verse 25. [*Lashes unknown priests.*] Without a note posterity will never understand this line. Two or three years

So I, when first I tun'd th' heroic lay,
Gain'd POWNALL'a praise, as well as ALMON'S pay.
In me the nation plac'd its tuneful hope,
Its second CHURCHILL, or at least its POPE:
Proudly I prick'd along, Sir William's squire,
Bade kings recite my strains and queens admire;

NOTE.

ago this gentleman found himself libelled in a newspaper; and on suspecting a certain clergyman to be the author, he wrote a first canto of a poem, called The Priest Dissected, in which he prepared all chirurgical matters previous to the operation. In the mean time the parson proved an *alibi*, and saved his bacon. To this first and unique canto the author prefixed a something in which he exculpated himself from being the author of the Heroic Epistle, which it seems had been laid to his charge during the time the clan of Macgreggors continued without a name, and which, as the world well knows, was the only reason which prevented me from claiming the merit of that produc-

Chaste maids of honour prais'd my stout endeavour,
Sir Thomas swore "The fellow was damn'd clever."
But popularity, alas! has wings,
And flits as soon from poets as from kings.
My pompous Postscript found itself disdain'd
As much as Milton's Paradise regain'd——
And when I dar'd the Patent Snuffers handle,
To trim, with Pinchy's aid, Old England's candle,
The lyric muse, so lame was her condition,
Could hardly hop beyond a fifth edition.

NOTES.

tion. It is to this something, that the latter part of the line alludes. For in it he had told the public, that his Majesty had ten children, which it knew very well before. Hence the epithet *well known*.

Verse 33. [*Sir Thomas.*] The Petronius of the present age needs not the addition of a sirname to make the world certain who is meant by this appellative. He was better known by the name of Long Sir Thomas.

Yes, tis a general truth, and strange as true;
(Kenrick shall prove it in his next Review)
That no one bard, in these degenerate days,
Can write two works deserving equal praise.
Whether the matter of which minds are made
Be grown of late mephitic and decay'd,
Or wants phlogiston, I forbear to say,
The problem's more in Doctor PRIESTLEY'S way.
He knows of spirit the material whole,
For PRIESTLEY has the cure of SHELBURNE'S soul.

Enough of souls, unless we waste a line,
Shebbeare! to pay a compliment to thine:

NOTE.

Verse 51. [*The cure of Shelburne's soul.*] It is not l insinuated, that the soul in question wants curing. The w *cure* is here put for *care*, in the sense in which ecclesiast lawyers use *cura animarum*.

Which forg'd, of old, of strong Hibernian brass,
Shines through the Paris plaister of thy face,
And bronzes it, secure from shame, or sense,
To the flat glare of finish'd impudence.
Wretch! that from Slander's filth art ever gleaning,
Spite without spirit, malice without meaning:
The same abusive, base, abandon'd thing,
When pilloried, or pension'd by a King.
Old as thou art, methinks, 'twere sage advice,
That NORTH should call thee off from hunting PRICE.
Some younger blood-hound of his bawling pack
Might sorer gall his presbyterian back.

NOTE.

Verse 63. [*From hunting Price.*] See a series of wretched letters, written by Shebbeare, in the Public Advertiser, and other papers.

Thy toothless jaws should free thee from the fight;
Thou canst but mumble, when thou mean'st to bite.
Say, then, to give a *requiem* to thy toils,
What if my muse array'd her in thy spoils?
And took the field for thee, thro' pure good nature;
Courts prais'd by thee, are curst beyond her satire.
Yet, when she pleases, she can deal in praise:
Exempli gratia, hear her fluent lays
Extol the present, the propitious hour,
When Europe, trembling at Britannia's power,
Bids all her princes, with pacific care,
Keep neutral distance, while she wings the war
Cross the Atlantic vast; in dread array,
Herself to vanquish in America.
Where soon, we trust, the brother chiefs shall see
The Congress pledge them in a cup of tea,
Toast peace and plenty to their mother nation,
Give three huzzas to George and to taxation,

And beg, to make their loyal hearts the lighter,
He'd send them o'er Dean TUCKER, with a mitre.
In Fancy's eye, I ken them from afar
Circled with feather wreaths, unstain'd by tar:
In place of laurels, these shall bind their brow,
Fame, honour, virtue, all are feathers now.
Ev'n beauty's self, unfeather'd, if we spy,
Is hideous to our Macaroni eye.

Foolish the bard, who, in such flimsy times,
Would load with satire or with sense his rhymes:
No, let my numbers flutter light in air,
As careless as the silken Gossamer.
Or should I, playful, lift the muse's scourge,
Thy cocks should lend their tails, my Cocking George,

NOTE.

Ver. 97. *My cocking George.*] A great cock-fighter, and

To make the rod. So fear not thou the song;
To whip a post, I ne'er will waste a thong.
Were I inclin'd to punish courtly tools,
I'd lash the knaves before I flapt the fools.
Gigantic vice should on my ordeal burn,
Long ere it came to thy poor pigmy turn.

But sure 'tis best, whate'er rash Whigs may say,
To sleep within a whole skin, while one may;
For Whigs are mighty prone to run stark mad,
If credence in Archbishops may be had.
Therefore I'll keep within discretion's rule,
And turn true Tory of the MANSFIELD school.

NOTE.

little senator, who, in the last Parliament, called the I Postscript a libel.

So shall I 'scape that creature's tyger paw,
Which some call Liberty, and some call Law:
Whose whale-like mouth is of that savage shape,
Whene'er his long-rob'd shewman bids him gape,
With tusks so strong, with grinders so tremendous,
And such a length of gullet, Heaven defend us!
That should you peep into the red-raw track,
'Twould make your cold flesh creep upon your back.
A maw like that, what mortal may withstand?
'Twould swallow all the poets in the land.

Come, then, SHEBBEARE! and hear thy bard deliver
Unpaid-for praises to thy pension-giver.

NOTE.

Verse 111. *Which some call Liberty.*] With courtiers and churchmen the terms are synonimous. See a late Sermon.

Hear me, like TUCKER, swear, "so help me, mus
I write not for preferment's golden views.
But hold—'tis on thy province to intrude:
I would be loyal, but would not be rude.
To thee, my veteran, I his fame consign;
Take thou St. James's, be St. Stephen's mine.

Hail, genial hotbed! whose prolific soil
So well repays all North's perennial toil,
Whence he can raise, if want or whim inclines,
A crop of votes, as plentiful as pines,
Wet-nurse of tavern-waiters and Nabobs,
That empties first, and after fills their fobs:
(As Pringle, to procure a sane secretion,
Purges the *primæ viæ* of repletion.)

NOTE.

Verse 122. *Like Tucker swear.*] The reverend Dean solemn oath in one of his late pamphlets, that he would a bishop.

What scale of metaphor shall Fancy raise,
To climb the heights of thy stupendous praise?
Thrice has the sun commenc'd his annual ride,
Since full of years and praise, thy mother died.
'Twas then I saw thee with exulting eyes,
A second phœnix, from her ashes rise;
Mark'd all the graces of thy loyal crest,
Sweet with the perfume of its parent nest.
Rare chick! How worthy of all court caresses,
How soft, how echo-like, it chirp'd addresses.
Proceed, I cry'd, thy full-fledg'd plumes unfold,
Each true-blue feather shall be tipt with gold;
Ordain'd thy race of future fame to run,
To do, whate'er thy mother left undone.
In all her smooth, obsequious paths proceed,
For, know, poor Opposition wants a head.
With horn and hound her truant schoolboys roam,
And for a fox-chase quit St. Stephen's dome,

Forgetful of their grandsire Nimrod's plan,
" A mighty hunter, but his prey was man."
The rest, at crouded Almack's nightly bett,
To stretch their own beyond the nation's debt.
Vote then secure; the needful millions raise,
That fill the privy-purse with means and ways.
And do it quickly too, to shew your breeding,
The weazel Scots are hungry, and want feeding.

NOTES.

Verse 155. [*A mighty hunter.*] A line of Mr. Pope's. If our younger senators would take the hint, and now and then hunt a minister instead of a fox, they might perhaps find some fun in it.

Verse 161. *The weasel Scots.*] It is not I, but Shakespeare, that gives my countrymen this epithet. See Hen. V. act 1, scene 2.

For once the eagle England *being in prey,*
To her unguarded nest the *weasel* Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs, &c.

Nor need ye wait for that more plenteous season,
When mad America is brought to reason.
Obsequious Ireland, at her sister's claim,
(Sister or step-dame, call her either name)
Shall pour profusely her Pactolian tide,
Nor leave her native patriots unsupply'd.

Earl N----t sung, while yet but simple Clare,
That wretched Ireland had no gold to spare.

NOTE.

Verse 168. *Earl N----t sung.*] The intellect not only of posterity, but of the present reader, must here again be enlightened by a note: for this song was sung above two years ago, and is consequently forgotten. Yet if the reader will please to recollect how easily I brought to life Sir William Chambers's prose dissertation which had been dead half that time, he will, I hope, give me credit for being able to recover this dead poem from oblivion also. It was sent to her Majesty on her birthday, with a present of Irish grogram; and the newspaper of

How couldst thou, Simple Clare! that isle abuse,
Which prompts and pays thy linsey-woolsey muse?
Mistaken peer! Her treasures ne'er can cease,
Did she not long pay Viry for our peace?
Say, did she not, till rang the royal knell,
Irradiate vestal Majesty at Zell?

NOTE.

the day said (but I know not how truly) that the Queen was graciously pleased to thank the noble author for both his pieces of *stuff*. The poet's exordium seemed to have been taken from that very Ode in Horace which I have also attempted to imitate in this pamphlet. It began by assuring her Majesty, that Ireland was too poor to present her with a piece of gold plate,

Could poor Ierene gifts afford,
Worthy the consort of her lord,
Of purest gold a sculpter'd frame
Just emblem of her zeal should flame.

This supposed poverty of his native country struck me at the time as a mere *gratis-dictum*. I have therefore, from verse 180 to verse 186 of this epistle, endeavoured to refute it, for the honour of Ireland.

Sure then she might afford, to my poor thinking,
One golden tumbler, for Queen Charlotte's drinking,
I care not, if her hinds on fens and rocks,
Ne'er roast one shoulder of their fatted flocks,
Shall Irish hinds to mutton make pretensions? 180
Be theirs potatoes, and be ours their pensions.
If they refuse, great North, by me advis'd,
Enact, that each potatoe be excis'd.

NOTE.

Verse 178. *I care not, &c.*] Alluding to these lines in the same poem:

> Where starving hinds from fens and rocks,
> View pastures rich with herds and flocks.
> And only view — forbid to taste, &c.

And in a note on the passage, he tells us that these hinds never eat animal food; but says not one word about potatoes, that most nutritious of all aliments, which is surely very disingenuous.

Ah! hadst thou, North, adopted this sage plan,
And scorn'd to tax each British serving-man,
Thy friend Macgreggor, when he came to town,
(As poets should do) in his chaise and one,
Had seen his foot-boy Sawney, once his pride,
On stunt Scotch poney trotting by his side,
With frock of fustian, and with cape of red,
Nor grudg'd the guinea tax'd upon his head.
But tush, I heed not—for my country's good
I'll pay it—it will purchase Yankee blood—
And well I ween, for this heroic lay,
Almon will give me wherewithal to pay.

Tax then, ye greedy ministers, your fill:
No matter, if with ignorance or skill.
Be ours to pay, and that's an easy task,
In these blest times to have is but to ask.

Ye know, whate'er is from the public prest,
Will sevenfold sink into your private chest.
For he, the nursing father, that receives,
Full freely tho' he takes, as freely gives.
So when great Cox, at his mechanic call,
Bids orient pearls from golden dragons fall,
Each little dragonet, with brazen grin,
Gapes for the precious prize, and gulps it in.
Yet when we peep behind the magic scene,
One master-wheel directs the whole machine:
The self-same pearls, in nice gradation, all
Around one common centre, rise and fall:

NOTE.

Verse 211. *Around one common centre.*] I was let into this secret by my late patron, Sir William Chambers; who, as Mr. Cox's automata were very much in the Chinese taste, was very curious to discover their mechanism. I must do the Knight the justice to own that some of my best things are borrowed from him.

Thus may our state-museum long surprise;
And what is sunk by votes in bribes arise;
Till mock'd and jaded with the puppet play,
Old England's genius turns with scorn away,
Ascends his sacred bark, the sails unfurl'd,
And steers his state to the wide western world:
High on the helm majestic Freedom stands,
In act of cold contempt she waves her hands.
Take, slaves, she cries, the realms that I disown,
Renounce your birth-right, and destroy my throne.

Ode

TO

SIR FLETCHER NORTON,

IN

IMITATION

OF

HORACE,

Ode VIII. Book IV.

Q. HORATII FLACCI,

CARMEN VIII. LIB. IV.

DONAREM pateras,[a] grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Graiorum: *neque tu pessima munerum,*
Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut [b] *Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas;*
Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Solers [c] *nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.*

HORACE, ODE VIII. BOOK IV.

IMITATED.

MUSE! were we rich in land, or stocks,
We'd send Sir Fletcher a [a] gold box;
Who lately, to the world's surprise,
Advis'd his Sovereign to be wise.
The zeal of cits should ne'er surpass us,
We'd make him speaker of Parnassus.
Or could I boast the mimic eye
Of [b] Townshend, or of Bunbury,
Whose art can catch, in comic guise,
" The manners living as they rise,"

Sed [d] *non hæc mihi vis; nec* [e] *tibi talium*

Res est aut *animus deliciarum egens.* 10

Gaudes carminibus: [f] *carmina possumus*

Donare, [g] *& pretium dicere muneri.*

Non [h] incisa *notis* marmora *publicis,*

Per [i] quæ *spiritus & vita redit bonis*

NOTE.

Ver. 11. *Guades carminibus.*] The imitator found himself obliged to deviate in this place a little further from his original, than perhaps the strict critic will tolerate. But as he was not quite so certain of Sir Fletcher's fondness for poetry, as Horace seems to have been about the taste of Censorinus, he thought it best to express himself with a modest diffidence on that subject.

And find it the same easy thing
To [c] hit a Jollux or a king;
I'd hangings weave, in fancy's loom,
For Lady NORTON's dressing room.

But [d] arts like these I don't pursue,
Nor [e] does Sir FLETCHER heed virtù.
Enough for me in these hard times,
When ev'ry thing is tax'd but rhymes,
To [f] tag a few of these together:
Tho' I am quite uncertain, whether

NOTE.

Line 12. *A Jollux.*] A phrase used by the *bon ton* for a fat parson. See a set of excellent Caricatures published by Bretherton, in New Bond-Street.

Post mortem ducibus: [k] non *celeres fugæ,*

Rejectæque retrorsum *Annibalis minæ,*

Non incendia Carthaginis *impiæ,*

Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ

Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant

Laudes, quam *Calabræ* [l] *Pierides*: neque

Si chartæ sileant quod benè feceris

Mercedem tuleris.

Quid foret Iliæ

Mavortisque [m] *puer*, si taciturnitas

Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?

My verse will much rejoice the Knight,
As [g] great a store as I set by't.
For verse, (I'd have Sir FLETCHER know it)
When written by a genuine poet,
Has more of meaning and intent,
Than [h] modern acts of Parliament.

'Tis [i] fit and right, when heroes die,
The nation should a tomb supply;
Yet, not the votes of both the houses,
Without th' assistance of the muses,
Can give that permanence of fame
That heroes from their country claim.
And tell me pray, to our good King,
What fame our present broils can bring,
Ev'n [k] should the Howes (which some folks doubt)
Put Washington to total rout,

Ereptum n *stygius fluctibus Æacum*

Virtus, & favor, & o *lingua potentium*

Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.

Dignum laude virum Musa p *vetat mori,*

Cœlo q *Musa beat.* Sic r *Jovis* interest

Optatis epulis impiger Hercules;

Clarum s *Tyndaridæ sidus* ab infimis

Quassas t eripiunt æquoribus *rates;*

Ornatus viridi tempora pampino

Liber u *vota* bonos ducit ad exitus.

Unless his Treasurer in an ode,
Exalt the victor to a God.
**What tho' Earl Temple got a name,*
By making John the painter peach
Himself, for Bristol's impious flame,
Will all the Jackals of Jack Ketch,
Be proud to call the peer their brother,
If fame that bright transaction smother?

NOTE.

* These six lines, in Italics, were omitted in all the quarto editions: the original Publisher not chusing to print any thing that seemed to reflect on his friend, the first Earl Temple.

Ver. 37. *Unless his Treasurer.*] The late promotion of a poet to the treasurership of the houshold, must necessarily give to all true votaries of the muses (as it does to me) great delectation. 'Tis whispered, by some people in the secret that the very pacific cast of the Laureat's birth-day ode, occasioned the noble bard's exaltation; as it was thought expedient to have another poetical placeman in readiness

A man, I know, may get a pension
Without the muse's intervention;
Yet what are pensions to the praise
Wrapt up in [l] Caledonian lays?
Say, JOHNSON! where had been [m] Fingal,
But for MACPHERSON's great assistance?
The chieftain had been nought at all,
A non-existing non-existence.
MAC, like [n] a poet stout and good,
First [o] plung'd, then pluck'd him from oblivion's flood,
And bad him bluster at his ease,
Among the fruitful Hebrides.

to celebrate the final overthrow of the American rebels. Nay, it is assured, that a reversionary grant of the office of laureat has in this instance been superadded to the treasurership, yet with the defalcation of the annual butt of sack, which the Lord Steward calculates will be a considerable saving to the nation.

A [p] common poet can revive
The man who once has been alive:
But MAC revives, by magic power,
The man who never liv'd before.

Such *hocus-pocus* tricks, I own,
Belong to Gallic bards alone.
My [q] muse would think her power enough,
Could she make some folks fever proof;
Dub them immortal from their birth,
And give them all their heaven on earth,
Then [r] Doctor KAYE, that broad divine,
With lords and dukes should ever dine;
Post, prate, and preach, for years on years,
And puff himself in Gazetteers.
Sandwich for aye, should shine the [s] star,
Propitious to our naval war;

Caulk all our vessels' [t] leaky sides,
And in the docks work double tides.
While * STORMONT, [u] grac'd with ribband green,
Keeps France from mixing in the riot,
Till Britain's lion vents his spleen,
And tears his rebel whelps in quiet.

NOTE.

* At that time the British Ambassador at Paris.

THE

Dean and the Squire:

A

POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

By the Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, &c.

" Remember that the principles, for which the *Whigs* struggle, are " the *foundation of our present Government*, which they appre- " hend to be undermined, whenever *Tory maxims are openly* " *avowed.*"

Address to the Cocoa-Tree, published in the year 1763.*

* This pamphlet was written by Dr. John Butler; who, in May 1778, was consecrated Bishop of Oxford, and in February 1788 was translated to the See of Hereford.

A CARD.

The Author presents his best respects to the Reader, and begs that he would do him the favour to read the two first heads of Mr. Jenyns's seventh disquisition, before he cuts open this pamphlet; that he may perceive the full force of the allusions here made to that wonderful performance.

DEDICATION.

TO

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

SIR,

When I lately read your disquisition on Government and Civil Liberty, it gave me much concern to find, that you had not written it in verse. Such images and such sentiments, such wit and such arguments, were surely too good to be wasted on prose. And you who have written verse so long, and with so much facility, are highly inexcusable for not having employed that talent on so important an occasion as the present, when you had

taken upon you to confute "so many absurd "principles concerning government and liberty, "which have of *late* been disseminated with un- "usual industry," principles, let me add, which were still more industriously disseminated at the Revolution by Locke, at the Accession by Hoadly, and a hundred years before either, by Hooker; "principles, which you say, are as false, as mis- "chievous, as inconsistent with common sense, as "with all human society, and which require nothing "more than to be fairly stated, to be refuted."

The pious poet, Herbert, I think, tells us, that

"A verse may catch him, who a sermon flies.

Why then should you discard verse, when you intended to catch such careless readers, as would be apt to fly a sermon? Why, by dividing your

discourse into five methodical heads, should you make it appear as formal as the gravest pulpit-lecture ever delivered by old Bishop Beveridge, or young Bishop Bagot? I protest, Mr. Jenyns, I cannot account for this strange proceeding.

However, that such sort of readers may read you, I have attempted to do that for your benefit and theirs, which you would not do for them, or for yourself: and, unequal as I am to the task, have drest up your two first, and, as I think, principal topics, in as easy and fashionable metre as I was capable of writing. I know you would have done this much better. But, as my work is but a fragment, I am not without my hopes, that what I have done may be a spur to your indolence, and that you may be tempted not only to correct, but complete it.

But when I say that I have versified you, I take a pride in boasting, that I am not your mere versifier. I take a pleasure too in owning, that you yourself led me to attempt a nobler species of composition. I had read, some years ago, your very delectable Eclogue of the 'Squire and the Parson, written on occasion of that glorious peace, the honour of making which, is to be inscribed one day (may it be a late one!) on the mausoleum of the Earl of Bute. This, Sir, led me to think of giving my present performance a dramatic cast, so far as an eclogue can possess that title. On this idea, having resolved to make you my TITYRUS, I had not far to seek for a MELIBŒUS. A brother writer, who has of late endeavoured to disseminate principles, similar to some of yours, with unusual, though abortive industry, immediately occurred to

my imagination. And as immediately I resolved to read his more elaborate treatise, in order to enable me to execute my plan with greater exactitude, and better preservation of sentiment and character.

Although I must own, that this exercitation of my patience cost me many a yawn, yet I found, to my great satisfaction, that this writer allowed for true, what you hold to be false, those two first principles of Mr. Locke, that men are equal, and that men are free.* I concluded, therefore, that he was a very proper person to dispute those points with you. Accordingly, without farther ceremonial, I set you both down, not indeed sub tegmine

NOTE.

* See *Tucker on Government*, ch. 1st.

fagi, but, for the sake of the *costumé*, in a snug town coffee-house, and there entered you fairly into debate.

If on your part, Sir, I have ever done more than elucidated any of those assertions, which you call arguments, I humbly ask your pardon: and on the Dean's, if *I have made him a little too lively and spiritual*, I as humbly ask his. I know nothing does so much harm to an ecclesiastic, in the road of preferment, as the bare suspicion of being witty. But, as the Divine in question has long been a dean, and has sworn that he will never be a bishop, I hope no great harm is done.

That you may long remain on the illustrious List of Pensioners, even after the useful Board, from which you derive that right, shall be no more; that, having changed from Tory to Whig in the ministry of

the Duke of Newcastle, from Whig to Tory under those, or rather *that* of Lords Bute and North, you may now again change from Tory to Whig under the New Administration;—and (since we have it on very eloquent evidence, that it is now the fashion for persons of the greatest consequence to be *no longer in shackles)* that you may soon cease to be encumbered with your present slavish principles, is the sincere and fervent wish of,

SIR,

Your most obsequious servant,

MALCOLM MAC-GREGGOR.

Knightsbridge,
May 1st, 1782.

THE

DEAN and the 'SQUIRE.

In Coffee-house of good account,
Not far from Bond-street, call'd *The Mount*,
Soame Jenyns met the Dean of Gloucester;
And, as they sate in lounging posture,
Each on his bench, and face to face,
The Dean began in tone of bass:
While Jenyns, in his treble key,
Replied with much alacrity.
Repeat, my Muse, th' alternate strains,
That flow'd from these Arcadian swains,

Who both were equally alert,
Or to deny, or to assert.*

DEAN.

'Squire Jenyns, since with like intent
We both have writ on Government,
And both stand stubborn as a rock
Against the principles of Locke,
Let us, like brother meeting brother,
Compare our notes with one another.
'Tis true, I've not had time to look,
Tho' much I wish'd it, in your book.

'SQUIRE.

Doctor, my book is quickly read.

NOTE.

* ———Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.
VIRGIL.

DEAN.

I'd other crotchets in my head.*
But you, I guess, have studied mine.

'SQUIRE.

No, to my shame, not ev'n a line.

DEAN.

That's something strange—yet fortunate;
For now on par we shall debate.

'SQUIRE.

True. Who to play at whist regards,
When he, that deals, has seen the cards?

NOTE.

* The Dean had been employed in writing his *Cui Bono?* to Mons. Neckar, which is said, by persons who have read it, to contain many curious crotchets. *Cui Bono?*

DEAN.

Well put. First then, 'tis fit, I deem,
You tell me how you treat your theme.

'SQUIRE.

I controvert those five positions,
Which Whigs pretend are the conditions
Of civil rule and liberty;
That men are equal born — and free —
That kings derive their lawful sway
All from the people's yea and nay —
That compact is the only ground,
On which a Prince his rights can found —
Lastly, I scout that idle notion,
That government is put in motion,
And stopt again, like clock or chime,
Just as we want them to keep time.

DEAN.

'Sblood? do you controvert them all?

'SQUIRE.

Indeed I do, Sir, great and small.

DEAN.

You're a bold man, my master Jenyns,
And have good right to count your winnings,
If you succeed:—But I, who dare
As much as most, to go so far
Had not the courage, I assure ye,
Tho' I suborned a tory jury.*

NOTE.

* Before the Dean published his elaborate treatise, he printed it first only for the perusal of certain friends, who were either Tories from principle or discretion. It may therefore reasonably be supposed, that (in Milton's phrase) it *numbered* many *choice intellects* among our great chufch-

'SQUIRE.

That men were equal born at first,
I hold of all whig lies the worst.
But yet, if only this they mean,
That you and I, good Mr. Dean,
Were equally produced, 'tis true;
For I was born as much as you.
But now, comparing size and strength,
Our body's bulk, our nose's length,

NOTE.

men. The mitred author of the Letter to the Cocoa-Tree, (written at the commencement of Lord Bute's administration) from which I have taken my motto, was amongst these personages;† and it is not to be doubted, but it would receive many improvements from his adroit and masterly hand.

† His lordship is mentioned in the note to the Motto of this Poem.

The periwigs, that grace our pate,
My little wit, your learning great,
We find, we are unequal quite.

DEAN.

My honest friend, you're too polite.
Your wit, Lord Hardwicke deigns to own,
Surpasses every wit's in town:
And none e'er doubted Hardwicke's taste,
Who e'er were bid to Hardwicke's feast.
But yet, I fear, at this arch quibble
The Lockians will do more than nibble.
They say, and with them I agree,
That as to men's equality,
It rests on native rights they have,
Not to become another's slave,

Or tamely bear a tyrant's yoke :*
This truth you parry with a joke.

NOTE.

* The passage in Mr. Locke's treatise, which the Dean here alludes to, seems to be this: "Though I said *that all "men are by nature equal*, I cannot be supposed to under- "stand all sorts of equality: age or virtue may give men "a just precedency: excellency of parts and merit may "place others above the common level: birth may subject "some, and alliance or benefits others, to pay an observ- "ance to those, to whom nature, gratitude, or other res- "pects may have made it due: and yet all this consists "with the *equality*, which all men are in, in respect of "jurisdiction or dominion one over another: which was "the equality I there (ch. 2d.) spoke of, as proper to the "business in hand, being that *equal right*, that every man "hath, *to his natural freedom*, without being subjected to "the will or authority of any other man." Ch. 6. sec. 54. To this the Dean accedes in his first chapter. "First then, "I agree with Mr. Locke and his disciples, that there is a "sense, in which it may be said, that no man is born the "political subject of another."

'SQUIRE.

Jokes, Mr. Dean, I'd have you know,
Have parried many a stouter blow.
A joke like this, as I conceive,
Is reason's representative,
Who, vested with his rights, is sent
To disputation's parliament.

DEAN.

Yet scorns, like some they patriots call,
To vote, as he *instructs*, at all.

'SQUIRE.

Sometimes he may—but to proceed—
All men at birth it is agreed,
Have equal learning, wit and power,
Tho', at Lucina's squalling hour,
The new-born babes, in nurse's lap,
Have only power to suck her pap.

Good heavens! to talk of wit and learning
In infants void of all discerning,
Is just as if these whigs disputed,
As most fools do, to be confuted,
Whether their teeth, in breadth and length,
Had equal size and equal strength;
When, bless each little slobbering mouth,
It had not cut a single tooth.

DEAN.

Your instance, I confess, is pretty:
I wish it were as apt as witty.

'SQUIRE.

But let us give them all they ask,
Their equal birth, a harder task
I think remains behind, to prove
That men thro' life must equal move;

None e'er assume a jot of power
More than he had at natal hour.
Strange doctrine this! ye whigs, shall none
Be long and lank as Jenkinson,
None grow to full six feet or more,
Because some measure only four?
Or, because Hunter cannot treat us
With different size of same-aged fætus?
Thus, Mr. Dean, the point I've prov'd:
And, if your Reverence is so mov'd,
You'll find, with like facility
I prove they all are not born free:

DEAN.

My sprightly 'Squire, if this be proving,
Then billing is the whole of loving.
Dame Logic knows, whene'er I meet her,
With more substantial sport I treat her.

These whigs will answer your demand
With saying, all they understand
By power is, " That alone is just,
" Which to a few the rest entrust;
" And to assume without assent,
" Is force, not legal government."*
As to your simile of size,
They'll say your brains are in your eyes.
But now go on.

NOTE.

* So Locke. " Government, into whatsoever hands it is " put, being *intrusted* with this condition, and for this " end, that men might have and secure their properties, the " prince or senate, however it may have power to make " laws for the regulating of property between the subjects " one amongst another, yet can never have a power to " take to themselves the whole or any part of the subjects " property without their own *consent*, for this would be in " effect to leave them no property at all." Ch. xi. sec. 139.

'SQUIRE.

Their next assertion
You'll find affords me more diversion.
For how should men be e'er born free,
When to be born is slavery,
An imposition in itself.
Do parents ask the little elf,
Ere they beget him, his good leave
Or to beget or to conceive?
Or does he approbation give
By self, or representative?

DEAN.

Yet, when begot, in my opinion,
He's then the heir to self-dominion;
Has right both to be born and bred,
To suck the breast---

'SQUIRE.

And p--- his bed.

DEAN.

He has. Nay more, I'd have you know,
Protection, while in embrio,
Is his, e'er you can justly date
His *quasi-compact* with the state.*
Once, Sir, I knew a pious lady,
Who, just as she was getting ready

NOTE.

* "Children are entitled to protection, *whilst in embrio*, "though they neither did nor could enter into any com- "pact with the state for that purpose." Tucker on Civil Government, p. 2. I have taken the liberty to add the term *quasi* in my version of this passage, to make it more analogous to the learned writer's general sentiments, who allows of no compact, but what he is pleased to term *quasi*.

For church, one Easter-Sunday morn,
With labour-pains was sorely torn.
The church, good soul! she lov'd so dearly,
That with her spouse she chose to parley;
Nor would she let the midwife lay her,
Till she had been at morning prayer;
When, lo! in midst of all this fray,
Before mama had time to pray,
Her heir, a free-born British boy,
Bolted to light and liberty.

'SQUIRE.

Your story, Mr. Dean is pleasant,
And wrapt withal, in terms most decent.
Yet vainly sure such proof you bring,
One swallow does not make a spring.
I say, in spite of your strange tale,
For full nine months he lies in jail.

And what a jail! so little roomy,
So dank, so sultry and so gloomy,
Howard, who ev'ry prison knows,
Ne'er ventur'd there to thrust his nose.
Yet there he lies, unlucky wight!
Depriv'd of sunshine and of sight,
Floating in brine, like a young porpus,
Till, by obstetric Habeas Corpus,
The brat is pluck'd to liberty.
But, tell me, is such freedom free?
In swaddling cloaths he now is bound,
Like Styx,* that gird him nine times round;
They squeeze his navel, press his head,
Feed him with water and with bread.

NOTE.

* Tho' Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her.
Pope's Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day.

Thus nine months more he lies in chains,
And, when his freedom he regains,
He puts it to so bad a use,
'Tis found he must not yet go loose.
Tyrannic nurse then claims her right
To plague him both by day and night.
Then grave as Pope, and gruff as Turk,
Pedantic schoolmaster, like York,
Thrashes the wretch with grammar's flail,
To mend his head corrects his tail,
And this with most despotic fury,
Heedless of mercy, law, and jury.

DEAN.

Sir, you've a happy vein for satire,
And touch it with a *main du maitre.*
Yet, why, Sir, treat mild Markham thus?
His Grace, you know, is one of us.

'SQUIRE.

I ask his pardon. At the time

He chanc'd to hitch into my rhyme—*

NOTE.

* Had not this unlucky bolt been shot by the 'Squire, it is probable the Dean would not have been thrown off his scent, but would have answered all, that had been asserted, in some such manner as Mr. Locke does: "Children, "I confess, are not born in this full state of *equality*, "though they are born to it. Their parents have a sort of "rule and jurisdiction over them, when they come into the "world, and for some time after; but it is but a tem- "porary one. The bonds of this subjection are like the "swaddling clothes they are wrapt up in, and supported by, "in the weakness of their infancy; age and reason, as "they grow up, loosen them, till at length they drop quite "off, and leave a man at his own free disposal." Ch. 6. sec. 55. This passage, and the other two already quoted, seem to be a sufficient answer to Mr. Jenyns on his two first heads. All his objections turn on the term *born*: whereas Locke's propositions are, "Men are by nature "equal, and by nature free;" that is, have equal rights in their persons and liberty.

But to our point — thus far I've stated,
The boy is born and educated;
And now he walks the world at large;
Yet has he got a free discharge?
No; *volens nolens*, as at school,
He still must yield to civil rule;
A subject born, he's subject still,
Not govern'd by his mere self-will;
But, if he breaks the laws in force,
Or kills his man, or steals a horse,
Howe'er he may dispute their right,
And Coke with Burgersdicius fight,
Must make at Tyburn his confession.

DEAN.

I fear, Sir, here you beg the question.
A subject born in any state
May, if he please, depatriate,

And go, for reasons weak or weighty,
To Zealand-New, or Otaheite.

'SQUIRE.

Yet there what freedom will he have,
When made Queen Oberea's slave?
Her majesty may lay a tax,
I fear would weaken stronger backs,
Than ev'n was your's, my doughty Dean,
When nerv'd with youth, and stout eighteen.

DEAN.

Perhaps she might. Then let's suppose
To some unpeopled isle he goes,
And takes a mistress in his sleeve,
To live as Adam did with Eve;
Or say, that he had luck to find
A hundred more of the same mind,

To migrate with their mates by dozens,
And there to live like cater-cousins,
We will not call them sirs, and madams,
But a cool hundred Eves and Adams;
I think they would, or soon, or late,
By *quasi-compact* found a state.*

NOTE.

* Here the Dean turns aside to his own ingenious hypothesis, which he makes the true basis of civil government, and which, the more to disseminate it, I shall here briefly explain. He supposes, that a hundred Adams and Eves should all be produced full grown, and in *conjugal pairs*; and then concludes, that they would naturally herd together, and form a civil society, from their instinctive love of living together as gregarious animals. But, as some might object that another instinctive appetite would speedily disturb the peace of this society, and that Horace's *teterrima belli causa* might make it a state of war, he sagely provides against this by noting, "that the appe-"tite between the sexes can have no place in the question, "because it is not of that sort, which renders mankind

What think you, 'Squire, of that Scotch peer,*
Who wenching held so very dear,
(I don't aver his taste was right
In liking black girls more than white,
Not that I rashly would decide;
They know the best, who both have tried)

NOTES.

"gregarious." Yet, as he also owns, "that the most "solitary animals at certain seasons *converse* in pairs," it is necessary for the support of his hypothesis, that all his Adams and Eves should be as chaste as turtles; and, therefore, I have called them a *cool* hundred, an epithet which, the reader sees, is here far from being an expletive, but highly emphatical; for, if the Dean's hundred Adams and Eves were not more *cool* than an hundred pairs of people of fashion, whom I could mention, it is to be feared, that many of the males in his civil society, would not only be *gregarious animals*, but absolutely *horned cattle*. See Tucker on Government, p. 136.

* The late Lord Fairfax, usually distinguished by the name of *Lord Fairfax of Virginia*.

That, to indulge and take his fill,
He fenc'd an Apalachian hill,
And, holding there supreme command,
" Scatter'd his image o'er the land,"*
Till soon he got so large a race
Of little tawny babes of grace,
And these so soon begot a second,
And those a third, that quick he reckon'd
Subjects enough of his own blood,
To reign their sovereign great and good.
If such a man was not born free,
I know not what is liberty.

'SQUIRE.

Dear Dean, you interrupt my theme.
I want to preach, but you to dream

NOTE.

* Dryden.

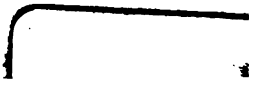
Of negro girls and patriarch kings—
Pray clip your fancy's wayward wings.
My two points prov'd, I draw from hence
This truly Christian inference,
That all, whom we the factious call,
Who 'gainst court influence hourly bawl,
Who from their seats would dash contractors,
And be themselves the nation's factors,
Are all of the old round-head leaven,
And therefore ne'er will get to heaven.

DEAN.

Right. This would give my mind much ease,
If drawn from sounder premises.
Locke and his crew, I know right well,
Have sent full many a fool to hell,
But not from what you've prov'd, but I——

* * * * *

Hold Muse! nor give the 'Squire's reply.

You've run two heats; to start a third
Would now, I think, be quite absurd;
'Tis much beyond an Eclogue's length;
Come breathe a while, and gather strength.
You shall not tax, should it be willing,
The town beyond a single shilling:
Stop then in time your tinkling rill;
The reader's ears have drank their fill.*

* Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.
VIRG.